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The Huguenots of Hungary.

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I. PRINCE BOCSKAY.

IN Hungary and Transylvania, while, during fifteen years, two rival kings, John Sigismund, of Hungarian blood, and Ferdinand of Habsburg, were engaged in fighting out their respective claims to the throne, the Reformation took so firm a hold that in 1540 we find it well established in both countries. Then, nobody in Hungary cared to pick a quarrel with Protestantism, either as heretical in religion, or as a public offence. Lutherans and Calvinists alike enjoyed the protection granted by the silence of the laws. Till Transylvania was joined with Hungary in 1551, all Christian creeds there lived side by side, quietly tolerant one of another. However, under re-union, the liberalism prevailing in the Transylvanian towns, or boroughs, could not long agree with the strivings of Ferdinand after absolute power, or with his Roman Catholic conception of public State-law—a conception totally inapplicable in a country of mixed religion.

Still, in 1556 we find the Transylvanian towns setting an example to the whole of Europe, when their House of Commons laid it down in good legal form that 'anybody and everybody may, using either modern or ancient forms of worship, give expression to the faith and belief of his choice,' and that 'there is an exception to this freedom in public law only when any sect or communion, in competition with another, seeks redress by revenge, or resorts to violence.'

In the first half-century of the Reformation, Calvinism and Lutheranism had moved side by side on common ground. The line was drawn between them and the old form of the Christian faith, only. This was so much the better for the

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new branches of the Christian religion. However, when Beza succeeded Calvin as head of the Church in Geneva, 1564, the catechism of Calvin and the Genevan confession of faith were pushed to the fore. Yet the consistorial form of Church government, or Presbyterianism, did not oust Episcopalianism from Hungary, nor the Latin language from school and Synod, though the Hungarian tongue was zealously furthered as an instrument of national culture. In Transylvania, on the ground of public policy, protection was extended even to Unitarianism, which flourished there down to our times. In 1571 it was again made good law that 'the word of God, in whatsoever way it be declared, shall be free, and nobody, whether he preacheth or listeneth, may be interfered with on account of his faith.'

So broad a wording covered everything that was seemly in religious worship, viewing it as an ordinary civil act falling within the liberty of the subject. What is more, the fortress of Buda being then in the hands of the Turks, the Bashaw in command there left a free hand to all Christian denominations.

So, the generation which saw in France the St. Bartholomew's Night massacre of the Protestants, 1572, saw throughout the Hungarian territories a publicly ordained and well-observed peace among all would-be religious bodies, a peace administered in the name of justice for the common good. Under those auspices, the Protestants started 28 printing offices, opened 125 high, middle, and elementary schools, and a whole Protestant literature came into being. In these respects Roman Catholicism was naturally very weak because it worked in an exclusive spirit. So there was every appearance that Protestantism was proving itself the form of Christian faith best adapted to the Hungarian temper, when re-active forces were borne in from without.

Everybody in England knows how the Counter-Reformation took shape in the European countries bordering the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and laid its plans for the re-conquest of Central Europe. By the year 1602 it was made clear that in the Hungarian lands Protestantism and nationality were one, and that the combination of Papacy with arbitrary Kingship threatened destruction to public concord and distraction

to the Hungarian homes, in fact was foreign to Roman and Protestant alike in Hungary. The Counter-Reformation was carried into the Danubian plains as a storm-cloud blown in by an evil wind. The Jesuits did not go forth to make nations. As history has since shown, it was left to the Anglo-Saxon race to achieve within the nation itself a tolerant Protestant republicanism under Kingship.

The march of the Counter-Reformation through Hungary and Transylvania was something like a public sacrilege, with its watchword, *cujus regio, ejus religio*, expressing the oneness of realm and spiritual fold. But somewhere among the hills of Transylvania a strong man was rising. He was Stephen Bocskay of Kis-Maria. Born in 1559, during the imprisonment of his father, one of a very ancient and deep-rooted local family, he was not born in vain to his people as a captive. His family pride being heightened in this, and common justice offended, he dissembled long, nursing the paternal wrath and that of his country. Removed to Vienna and Prague while still a child, carefully bred in Court circles as a hostage to the Counter-Reformation, his father's early death left him at seventeen sole executor of his parents and of his country's political testament. Already fully endowed with the Protestant inheritance, and steeped in the traditional liberalism of his native land, when remitted from Court back to his own Transylvania he took with him nothing from the education he had imbibed there but a good knowledge of the world and an enlarged vision of State affairs. These he would put to good use in the official career opening before him.

In civil and religious affairs lay his concern; the historical position of his homeland and the prosperity of all Hungary were at stake. The retrograde movement towards restoration of Roman unity of Faith, and of the divine right of kingship under Popish guarantee, reached its height in 1603 and in the following year. Under pressure of those events young Bocskay undertook to rescue freedom of belief and to set up again political and national liberty. His proclamations went forth. Throughout the struggle he described himself as putting up a fight for national life, faith and freedom, an appeal to which all the Hungarian peoples responded heartily. The exercise

of the old faith was not excluded from this proposed return to the happy circumstances which had prevailed in the early days of the Reformation.

By this time, while the Protestants dubbed Huguenots had fled from France and from the Low Countries, some Transylvanian Calvinists, wanting nothing but the nickname, were finding refuge in those parts of Hungary which then stood under Turkish domination. They looked to nothing so much as to the return of Transylvania to its ancient independence by separating again from the Hungarian crown which had fallen into Popish hands. For this, they had their eye on Bocskay, and had secured his promise that he would act as leader. The removal of Roman (imperial or royal) arbitrariness from Transylvania would serve as a corner stone in building up again liberalism throughout Hungary.

Bocskay's peasantry gathered round his banner, and the people came forward *en masse*, eager to help in this reconquest of their former independence. If we compare Bocskay to Cromwell—which is not quite fair to the Hungarian—we may compare Bocskay's spirited soldiery to that of Ulster with full justice to both parties. The people rose as civilians, the nobles rose as squires and justices, the clergy, whatever the denomination, rose each for its own, as Christians withal. The soldiery 'making a conscience of what they did' showed quite the Cromwellian temper. Yet, the spirit abroad was that of liberalism: liberal politics, liberal churchism, liberal schooling. A first decisive victory in the field was won in October 1604, at Adrion (Adorján). From that day, Bocskay's leadership spread far and wide, beyond the borders of Transylvania now freed from the heavy hand of the Royal Lord Lieutenant and swayed instead by the light hand of Bocskay, now Prince of Transylvania, and prospectively, in the mind of his supporters, King of Hungary.

At that moment the one political principle of Protestantism, as proclaimed by Calvin at Geneva, and upheld by Knox at Edinburgh, rang in all ears with the force and acceptability of a tenet making for public peace and justice between the people and their rulers, between religious parties, between philosophical opinions in the nation, all by respect of the

private and individual right to spiritual and intellectual self-disposal, within the framework of civilisation. A few Lutheran towns set up against Bocskay the plea that the Bible forbade rebellion. In vain. The Calvinistic view was upheld. Against acts of violence, self-defence is justified, and the justificatory plea of authority falls to the ground, else there is no society possible and religion is mocked. But the reservation drawn from the Bible by the Hungarian Lutherans in favour of the finality and absoluteness of authority was ominous of a dreadful future for the German people. Did they realise that, on the one hand, it worked out as a denial of the right to existence of any communion except the Roman Catholic? That it contained, in germ, the subjection of German Lutherans to the claim of the German princes, of the Prussian kings, of the future Hohenzollern emperors, to be sole judges of right and wrong in public affairs and in foreign policy? This claim was maintained and carried through down to the baneful invasion of Belgium in 1914, and bore all its consequences in the downfall of Germany and Austria in 1918, dragging Hungary into the vortex of the war unrighteously forced upon Europe.

On the other hand, Protestant England made itself a sponsor to the Calvinistic conception of the relation of rulers to their subjects, challenging the 'right divine of kings to govern wrong.' Calvin's formula was clear. We find it as a commentary to Matt. xxii. 21, in his 'Harmony of the Gospels.' 'Any who disturb the order of the State are rebellious against God, because the obedience rendered to princes and magistrates accords well with the fear and service of God. But if, to the contrary, princes should commit an outrage in some part upon the authority of God, then they must not be obeyed, except in so much as may be possible without offending God.' In 1554 John Knox, wanting a confirmation from the mouth of Calvin—for civic conscience and religious feeling were everywhere much troubled about this crucial point in the century of the Reformation—went to Geneva and put before Calvin the pertinent question. When enlightened, Knox went back to England with his mind made up, and declared it in a famous talk between him and the Scottish Queen. When Mary

returned, 1561, to the kingdom of her forefathers, after the sudden death of her spouse Francis II, King of France, John Knox was the most popular man in Scotland. She summoned the disciple of Calvin to Holyrood and, during their first interview, asked him: 'Think you that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?'—'If princes do exceed their bounds,' quoth he, 'and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, then I do not doubt that they may be resisted even by power.' If we asked Knox further by whom they may be resisted, the political conditions under which he spoke make it clear that, by subjects he meant God-fearing individuals, acting together or singly.

This declaration was handed down to posterity as an heirloom of the Anglo-Saxon race in particular, which carried it whithersoever it extended its empire, guided thereby its foreign policy in Europe, bringing Spain, Louis XIV, and Napoleon successively to book on that issue, till, being joined by its full-grown Dominions in maintenance of this fundamental dictum of the Protestant faith in political matters, it secured the adhesion of the better part of the modern world in the covenant of the League of Nations. For most of us Calvinism as a dogma is dead. But Calvin's formulation from the pulpit—the pulpit was then the people's mouthpiece—of this public law, one and the same at home and abroad, anticipated an historical practice which has made, and because accepted could not but make, the Anglo-Saxon peoples, as they increased in numbers unmixed, foremost among their peers.

But let us not forget that Calvin was born and bred a Frenchman, came to Geneva as a stranger to a small foreign city which had gone Huguenot *en masse*, a few days before, by public vote of the citizens, declaring that they would be ruled and rule themselves according to the evangelical law, the only standard and test. Geneva has never known, still less acknowledged for others, the cogency of material power. Accordingly, the subsequent expansion of Geneva took place exclusively in the world of the spirit, the intellect, and the conscience. And so it was with Bocskay, the Hungarian Huguenot, when, in the year 1605, the people of Hungary declared themselves in his favour, and 'the Lords and

Commons' of Transylvania appointed him their legitimate prince. In those days, there as elsewhere, the political issue, that of authority *versus* liberty, had been fought out in terms of religion.

The Huguenot Bocskay was no zealot. 'If God brings me back to Transylvania,' he had once said, 'I shall feel at ease praising him in any Christian Church'; and he saw to it that even the Jesuits—an importation from without if ever there was one—got places of worship as many as they could fill on their own merits.

While Luther's call to the German States—in its day—was mainly addressed to and welcomed by the nobility, the common people and the 'nonconformist' ministers of religion principally answered that of Bocskay. In England the Huguenots 'conformed,' an act which had its obvious justification, because in those days the Church of England was strongly Calvinistic. The magnates or 'lords' of Transylvania, when not Protestant, declared for Bocskay, as national home rulers, to uphold the public law of Transylvania.

In the autumn of 1604 Bocskay, on sure ground in Transylvania and well supported in Hungary, sought support in Moravia and Silesia, on behalf, as always, of civil and religious liberty, and then looked about for those who would help him in obtaining by constitutionalism the peace and justice which absolutism and the one Church infatuation were failing to procure. The draft of a general treaty was discussed and agreed upon among Bocskay's supporters, and then presented to the other side for examination by the 'imperialists' at Vienna, and by the Royalists assembled at Kassa (Cassovia).

In 1606 these preliminaries had so far advanced that the terms of the nearing peace became plainly discernible. Meanwhile Bocskay fell ill and foul play was suspected.

On June 23 the first liberal constitution of Hungary was agreed to, and, drawn up in due form to receive the express consent of King and Emperor, was properly sealed and vouched for. If it had been an intention of its promoters to draw up its essential clause in terms of abstract philosophic law, it no doubt would have assumed an appearance merely theoretical, like the famous French 'Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme

et du Citoyen.' It would have spoken of parity in, and reciprocity of, public status as an imperial and royal grant to all confessions, for there was then no question yet of civil rights as a national birthright and a natural adjunct to every cradle. The treaty is a settlement positive, practical, and impartial, such a one as those which the League of Nations contrives in Geneva in these troublesome years of the twentieth century, when so many instances of disputes between creeds and so many old denials of reason have come to the top again. Briefly put, the relevant article runs: 'Concerning religion it is enacted that, within the limits of Hungary and applicable to every rank, order, class, and function, inclusive of the Hungarian soldiers in the frontier outposts, nobody may ever or wheresoever be disturbed, in his religious faith or in his open confession thereof, by his Majesty's command; nor shall any such disturbance or molestation by any other third party fail to be punished by his Majesty. Consequentially, the free use and practice of their religion is granted to each and all, collectively and individually, whatever the rank, station, or class, yet without detriment to the Roman Catholic religion, and in such a manner that Romanists, their churches and clergy, may be safe and free, and it is made binding upon both sides that the churches taken away from either side by the other shall return to the owner.'

Bocskay was not to survive by many weeks the 'Peace of Vienna,' an internal peace, and the negotiations for its application. He was ill and negotiated by proxy. Perhaps he was poisoned. Political manslaughter, ecclesiastic design, spontaneous fanaticism? The reader may choose. In December 1606 he held his last Court as Prince of Transylvania or shall we call it his first Parliament? He placed before it the fruit of his insurrection, accomplished in the shape of a liberal constitution for Hungary. His work was done. From the first day of his illness he had lived in the expectation of death. He had such a sure vision of its certainty and nearness that he prepared for his departure step by step, and was particularly watchful on Fridays, the day of his birth and one which had been somehow noteworthy throughout his private and public life. He had been married, but left no heir.

He died on December 29, 1606. At that time the England of Elizabeth was passing into that of James; the semi-Protestant Henry IV was King of France; Geneva, the Huguenot refuge and stronghold, the repository of the doctrine, had by that time finally escaped from the clawing hand put forward to strangle it; the Low Countries had become a sanctuary for republican Calvinism, though not without vicissitudes of an internal nature. The Peace of Vienna gave a new impetus to Protestantism in Austria-Hungary, as a form of the Christian religion. But Bocskay's most meritorious contribution was his work as a political Huguenot. He brought one step farther on, in its since then unbroken career, the principle that legislation is an affair an equal share of which falls to each of the two parties to it: the people and public authority. This, in the history of constitutional law, was of great moment. The 1606 Peace of Vienna was a check put upon absolutism at a time when it was almost absurd to make the attempt. Of course, the Catholic clergy could not acknowledge the Peace of Vienna, and Pope Paul the Fifth gave out that they need not. Had they been mere laymen or citizens, the Church would have still held them subject to some disability as individual sharers therein.

Of course Bocskay's 'way' experienced many a setback since, but in 1848 it came again into full force. Everywhere the Huguenots, struggling for religious liberty, ushered in constitutional progress, unwritten in Britain, articulate in America, diffuse elsewhere.

Bocskay has his statue in Budapest, and, at Geneva, with the following inscriptions:

'Victorieux Étienne Bocskay, prince de Transylvanie, apporte à la diète hongroise, le 13 décembre 1606, la paix de Vienne, garantie fondamentale de la liberté religieuse dans le royaume.'

'L'indépendance de notre foi, notre liberté de conscience et nos anciennes lois ont pour nous plus de valeur que l'or.'

'Sacra Caesarea regiaque maiestas omnes et singulos status et ordines regni in sua religione et confessione nusquam et nequaquam turbabit nec per alios turbari et impediri sinet. Verum omnibus praedictis statibus et ordinibus liber religionis ipsorum usus et exercitium permittetur . . . nullo interposito religionis discrimine.'

We now have to leap over three centuries in order to meet the man who, as a Hungarian Huguenot, will rank next to Bocskay in the history of public affairs in Central Europe.

II. COUNT TISZA, A HUNGARIAN HUGUENOT.

Count Tisza, as a Minister of State, was the only Protestant in Central Europe holding high office in the year of fate 1914. For that reason great psychological interest attaches to the workings of his mind and to the steps he took to render them manifest. Do we, or do we not, find therein any analogy to the workings of the political Protestant mind on this side of the Channel? No French descendant of the Huguenots was placed at that time before such alternatives, as an adviser to the State, as it fell to the lot of Tisza to consider. The path open to Doumergue, who was the only Protestant in the French ministry of 1914, was plain and unmistakable.

Germany showed then in her counsels no trace of the Protestant conscience. Britain, the Empire, and the United States of America teemed with it. On the other side Tisza stood alone and singular. Moreover, for the first time in history, through a closely woven set of diplomatic moves aiming, some of them, at bringing about the war, and others, at keeping it in abeyance, Protestantism could be distinguished from Lutheranism in the conduct of international politics. For the first time Britain and Prussia opposed one another in the appreciation of just motives for war. They could be seen distinctly against the sky-line, each unfolding its separate moral identity in contrast with the other.

Two and a half million Hungarian Protestants were at the back of Tisza, their Prime Minister, when he placed his views before his Austrian colleagues in the imperial council chamber or privately before the Emperor. It was plain that if the Central Powers lost the war the Hungarian Protestants stood to pay the most grievous penalty of any should Hungary be dismembered. Transylvania fell into the hands of the Roumanian constabulary even before regular annexation, under the Treaty of Trianon, to the kingdom of Roumania. New State

officials were appointed or sent from Bucarest. Then such a flight took place as that of the French Huguenots from French soil in the century of the Reformation and under the reign of Louis XIV. The Huguenot, whether he be French-born, Dutch-born, a Walloon, or a Hungarian, seems to have been reserved for attacks upon his common rights because of his peculiar faith. Strange to say, it fell to Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and ex-President Wilson, when resettling the boundaries of the European States, to open up somewhat casually a fresh avenue for religious persecution of civilians on account of Huguenot fidelity, and that in the second decade of the twentieth century. What rightful vindications could be served by the sufferings of the Transylvanian Huguenots, ministers and laymen alike, punished in their faith for having been Hungarians ?

Such was the stake which Hungary was asked to commit to the chances of war in July 1914. It was Tisza's bounden duty, and fully realised responsibility, to keep out of that risk—first, if he could ; secondly, if he might.

All the reasons Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) had for not entering the war, Tisza too had, as a serious man, an honest statesman mindful of humanity, a political trustee for Hungary and for the Protestants of Transylvania, his particular wardenship. All three motives for action were brought into play when the joint policy of Prussian and Austrian Imperialism, for the sake of punishing Serbia for the Sarajevo murder, construed that assassination as the latest and heaviest thrust in a long chain of provocations. Tisza realised the hollowness of this contention. He felt that, even were it well founded, it bore no proportion to the tremendous issues it would raise among the component parts of the Hungarian kingdom, an *olla podrida* of races, creeds, and nationalisms, with no bond of unity but the general peace of Europe and a broad tolerance within the limits of the kingdom. The hard interests which those peoples had in common were at home the only curb on their passions. So, as Prime Minister of Hungary, Tisza played in the imperial councils of Vienna and Berlin a part corresponding to that falling to Sir Edward Grey in Western Europe.

On the 7th of the fatal July in 1914 there sat at Vienna a conference of the Ministers of Austria and Hungary. On the next day Tisza, the authoritative head of the Hungarian ministry, wrote to the Emperor that he could not concur in an intention which appeared, he said, to have ripened, namely, that of provoking Serbia to actual war by forcing it to view the Empire as its arch-enemy.

He proceeded to state what causes and motives actuated him in the proclamation of his dissent. He pointed out that such a course of action would unfailingly bring about the intervention of Britain—an intervention which it actually fell to Berlin to bring into military effect. The sword of Britain was then in the keeping of the Nonconformist conscience. Of its susceptibility the Hungarian Huguenot was a sure judge. An opportunity of joining hands from London to Budapest may, at that time, have fluttered by, to both parties unknown, borne on the wings of the dove that is suspended from the Huguenot cross.

Further, Tisza pointed out that the intervention of Roumania, erstwhile victorious in the Balkan peninsula, and flushed with an ambition to annex the Transylvanian homes of the Calvinistic Hungarians, was certain. Transylvania was partly Roumanian in race, language, and religion. So its invasion, when the dice of war were cast, first became possible, next actually took effect, and last was ratified by Paris, Washington, London, Rome, and Tokio. Seen in the light of those events, Tisza's concern and prudence, as a Protestant, can only be the better realised and the more approved. He would have none of the war, even if limited to Central and Eastern Europe. He foresaw that Roumania and Russia would follow Serbia in the field, and assuming still that Germany and Austria-Hungary would be alone engaged in war against those three Powers, an assumption which was quite permissible on the 8th of July in question, he added to his letter the warning that the Dual Monarchy could not, financially and politically, stand the strain to which would be put its internal economic life and external lines of supply. That was the third of his points. They were all verified by the event under conditions far worse than he had sketched out for his master's consideration.

Scrupulousness has ever been the most unromantic of Huguenot qualities : sometimes, too, (perhaps in this case, as the recital of the events consecutive to this may show,) a snare for the over-conscientious. Certainly there were shackles upon Tisza's powers of decision when he disburdened himself in the words : ' After the most painstaking and searching self-examination I cannot accept any share in the responsibility for the proposed military aggression upon Serbia.' Self-examination is not inspiring. Something more than mere wisdom was wanted here and was supplied when he advised that the Imperial policy of Austria-Hungary should be one of reserve and self-restraint, so as to throw on the other side the *onus* of war, and the moral disadvantages of provocation. This ever was the traditional Huguenot weapon : resistance, the weapon which London was bringing into play at that very moment, and which brought the enemy out into the open. Tisza's frank and loyal disownment of a nefarious policy, and presentment of another reasoned out in cold blood, was opposed by the means usual in court circles : derision, silence, disregard.

Yet, soon after addressing his sovereign as above summarised, Count Tisza was granted a hearing by him, and, in the name of Hungary, he repeated the request he had put before the Emperor-king not once, but twice, in writing.

What could be more cogent and, so far as expediency demanded, what could be more urgent than this ?—

' I have learnt from Count Berchtold that it is his intention to take an opportunity from the Sarajevo murder in order to bring Serbia to her knees, and settle up all old scores, transcended by that outrage. I did not hide from Count Berchtold that I viewed such intention as a fatal mistake and that I would have no hand in it. First, we have so far no evidence that could suffice to throw upon Serbia responsibility for the assassination. Should Serbia tender explanations exculpating herself in some tolerable form, we have no ground left on which to fasten war upon her. No effort of thought on our part could contrive a worse position for ourselves. We should stand forward before the whole world as the disturbers of its peace and we shall have kindled a huge war with the worst prospects for ourselves.'

Now that is exactly what happened. When Tisza destroyed

his copies of the State papers in 1918, on the eve of his own murder, he could test, in historical retrospect, his own accurate description of the impending events which he endeavoured to forestall in 1914. This fundamental attitude of Tisza's was one in which the broadest principles of humanity ranked above illusory suggestions of state-craft fetched from time and occasion by men of blunt conscience and callous heart. We see him quite as the Hungarian Gladstone, Gladstone in whom Churchman and Protestant were as one person, urging British foreign ministers to keep their dealings clear from blood-guiltiness, and calling out 'hands off' to powers who would go forth grabbing, killing and ruining. What standing was there for that belated Huguenot and modern 'Britisher' beside the men with whom he was associated in the council room in virtue of his office? Perhaps it was the very standing which may come to a navigator when a ship starts upon, or drifts into, a very stormy voyage. No honourable member of the crew, still less one in command, may dream of leaving the ship, even though he have predicted the storm, even though he was kept away from the helm when he would have steered the ship out of danger. We shall see later what evidence Tisza gave of this in 1917. Meanwhile, this point, in Huguenot psychology, and as a feature in the Protestant temperament, calls for attention. It is the collegiate spirit. At the head of the Hungarian ministry Tisza held some part of the collective power gathered together for government, very much as an elder in a Presbytery is a constituent element of authority. Tisza would not lame collective authority, when the exercise of it was most sorely needed, by withdrawing from among his fellows. So he remained, before the people of Hungary, a figure-head to the policy he had disowned: a tragedy in the making. As the war-years ran on, it matured.

At a moment when his Hungarian fellow-citizens and the Protestants in particular were distracted by defeat, when the organised military forces had gone to pieces, when Budapest had fallen into the hands of a rabble which made the capital of Hungary to look like Paris in the days of the Commune (1871), when political murder was rife, he allowed himself to be found in his own house by a few armed blackguards, the

very slime washed up from the bottom when social upheavals follow the breaking up of the State. His fear had been that his country, in following Germany and Austria, might become embroiled with Britain, for he felt quite well—and kept saying so—that the century-long community of aims and principles, which has associated the Protestant conscience of Britain, in European politics, to the Protestant conscience on the Continent, would be lost to Hungary by the action of her partners.

So it happened. Britain, America, the whole Anglo-Saxon world was estranged; the Protestant conscience, ashamed in the Hungarian breast, was offended in that of the Anglo-Saxon. There seemed to be no reason why Tisza should quarrel for bare life with his would-be murderers. And so the opening scene at Sarajevo (1914) entailed the closing scene at Budapest in November 1918. Had the murdered Archduke lived to be an heir to the Imperial crown, had Tisza lived to remain keeper of the Hungarian conscience, such master and servant might have worked together in the saving of blood, money, and sorrow.

In meeting a violent death, Tisza had, no doubt, a thought for his reputation. When remaining loyal to Austria and Germany his personal judgment was bent beneath his official allegiance. Always with men of conviction the problem is how to bring the political and personal life into accord. Look at Coligny! A Frenchman, a supreme commander of the forces of the Crown, and a Huguenot. What adjustment of those claims upon his conscience was possible in his day? Tisza, a Hungarian, the servant of two Crowns, a Huguenot, was in 1918 the Coligny of 1572, against whom a common soldier had voiced the misunderstanding of his age by killing him in the dead hours of the night.

Who would have thought that, three hundred and fifty years later, another Protestant community, this time in the Carpathian reserve of the Protestant faith, was to throw up a second Coligny, who, a stranger to the statecraft of the majority of his fellow Crown counsellors as well as to their Roman Catholic cast of conscience, would succumb to that fatality in martyrdom whereby were moved, after the ignorant Romanist soldier who struck Coligny at Paris by order, the three Communists, incensed

with anger and fury, who fired at Tisza? The Coligny type of Frenchman came to its true habitation in Britain, was there carefully nursed from generation to generation, and has not been usually shot at. The Coligny type of Hungarian lingering in Transylvania, and now transferred to Roumania, should be made as safe in his homeland as he would anywhere under the Union Jack or the Star Spangled Banner. Transylvania was from an early date a stronghold of Protestant Hungarians. It is its Prince Stephen Bocskay who secured by war the famous Vienna Edicts, whereby some degree of religious tolerance was introduced into the political life of the Danubian realm, 1606.

The Tiszas were not Hungarian nobles of any high degree. They were seldom seen at Court. Their activity would not have overstepped the boundaries of their own county, but for their being such ardent Calvinists of the oldest 'brand.' As such, they had always played an important part in the general Synods of Hungary. When, in 1848, the Hungarians rose against the Habsburgers, three Tiszas, all brothers, enlisted in the Independence Army. One of them, later impersonated as the 'flint-hearted man' in a novel by Maurice Jokaï, owed that nickname to the fifty wounds which he survived. The Tiszas were always known to take sides without regard to their temporal interests and material well-being. They sought spiritual satisfactions first, and those of a stern kind.

When Count Tisza was elected a member of the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, the family characteristics were displayed over a wider field and from higher stations. On that field and in those stations the political issues to be advised upon were no longer those of a self-contained Hungary. The need for compromise, tact, abnegation, and compliance constrained the Tisza spirit, but made no impression upon the Tisza soul. Stephen Tisza, the second Prime Minister of that family in Hungary, never wound himself up to the pitch of expressing approval of much that he accepted on public grounds when, on such considerations also, he would rather have recommended rejection. He spoke his mind, and when there was against him a *bona-fide* majority of votes after his criticism had been sifted, he proved himself the most trustworthy and safe navigator for the ship, because he knew what risks had been underrated and

where they lay. Our Tisza the Emperor Francis Joseph found such an excellent stand-by in the earlier years of his reign (and there were terrible entanglements throughout those years) that, when he took to shunning, in later years, the aspect of new faces, he could find no fault in his dour adviser grave enough to be set against the nuisance of a change, at a time of life when the old Emperor had come to shirk the irksome reading of new characters and the burden of 'getting up' fresh names.

For thirty years Stephen Tisza directed the affairs of his country. A stickler for the Hungarian tongue, for purity in public and in private life, and for genuineness in national literature, he founded the Hungarian 'Spectator,' *Magyar Figyelő*, a contemporary worthy of ranking beside its London namesake. He shared in the admiration of the Victorian age for Prussia and Germany. In this he was as much a man of his time as any Anglo-Saxon of his generation, and the Protestants of Hungary were of the same mind. In 1914, for the first time, the hidden rift began to gape which since the days of Luther parted English from German political growth. A born Calvinist, Stephen found himself, when it came to self-expression in a public cause, on the English side of the rift. So he spoke in the Council room as we have seen, scrupulously abstaining from any publicity that would have broken the unified front of the Hungarian military defences. The path of duty was plain, though it might lead straight to the abyss, and Tisza knew that it would so lead the Protestants. He knew it because his intelligence did forebode defeat and for two million and a half Calvinists dismemberment, in spite of the unwillingness of London to share in inflicting such dismemberment. The Ulster battalions and those of Protestant Transylvania were probably equal in numbers. Strange to think that, by the same principle of unrelenting loyalty to King and Country, the Ulstermen were forging chains for their Hungarian brethren!

In January 1917 Charles IV, succeeding Francis Joseph, sent word to Berlin that his empire, at the end of its tether, must surrender and beg for peace within six weeks. At that moment Berlin was confident that the submarine warfare would bring the Allies to their knees. Tisza, a stranger to that atrocious suggestion, was called to the German capital, that

he might be converted. A conference was held on the 22nd day of that month. He opposed stoutly the submarine scheme, as at variance with international public law, common morals, and policy. It would snap the last thread on which hung the Hungarian hope for an early peace without dismemberment.

The argument of the Hungarian minister almost convinced the German lawyers. But the soldiers would not be convinced. Emperor William then rushed to the Court of Charles. There too a Council of State was summoned. Tisza was not called in. His good sense and outspoken resistance were dreaded. In his absence Hungary was committed to her share of responsibility for the impending submarine warfare.

In those circumstances, and in that very year, it would seem that Tisza was exactly the man whom Charles should have chosen to negotiate his separate peace. But Charles mistrusted him for that very reason. It is not in the nature of even the best meaning among weak men to thrust the care of their fortunes into the hands of strong men. The young prince, amiable and winsome, would rather entrust the realisation of his peace-dream to bland and agreeable *dilettanti*. Whether it was there or not, he saw on Tisza's brow the traditional frown of the Calvinist; those rough-hewn lips had spoken blunt words of wisdom in the past. The confession of Austria's wrongdoings and dire extremity would be more pleasantly made, and surely its sincerity would be more readily believed in, if rolled off a smoother tongue. And so the imperial supplication was conveyed to the Allies by Prince Sixte de Bourbon, the brother of Empress Zita. And, the man being without weight, committing neither State nor Army by his word, the step, in approving which Tisza concurred with his young sovereign, dropped down to the level of a Court intrigue and perished.

From the beginning of the war Tisza had been kept at a distance by the Supreme Commander of the Austro-Hungarian Armies. His representative at the military headquarters was provided with the barest material for inditing official communications to his chief.

Nevertheless, in December 1915, Tisza, breaking through those barriers, had presented to his sovereign Charles, King

of Hungary, a memorandum on the general situation at home and abroad. He begged him to make a move towards peace, and endeavoured to remove the influence of William, whose infatuation he had again gauged in a private interview. He suggested that the civilian forces in each empire should join hands against the military extremists. To no effect.

Having made himself *persona ingratis*, no wonder Charles—dead since—overlooked him when he became the right man for the purpose of approaching the Allies.

In 1918 the only use Charles had for him was to send him to Sarajevo in Bosnia-Herzegovina to ask the inhabitants (who had no grievance against the Austro-Hungarian administration then about to come to an abrupt end) whether they would not oppose spontaneously annexation by Serbia. One may, without overstraining one's imagination, picture to oneself what kind of assurance Tisza brought back. The political murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria had it not been effected at Sarajevo? Of course the town must go to Serbia for whose sake that plot had been hatched, and which had been savagely invaded and ill-treated in return.

So the last turn in the drama was approaching. Tisza was at Budapest in October. He had in his possession, and harboured in his private house, a copy of the minutes of the Council meeting which had decided upon the ultimatum which led to the invasion of Serbia. He burnt that copy. Deserters from the army and would-be murderers were at the door. Blind revolution had broken out at Budapest. A justly irate mob was scouring the streets and searching the houses for victims, for members of the late Government, authors of the war. Was not that the moment when the right and natural impulse would have been to seek safety, and save his honour at the same time, by disclosing a document which showed his patriotism as a Hungarian and bore witness to his wisdom as a statesman? Tisza would have none of this justification and rehabilitation which would expose his colleagues of the council naked in their folly and obdurate in their error. Or did he, on the spur of the moment, blindly surrender his will and reason to the intractableness of his temperament? We must confess that the genuine Calvinist or Huguenot is some-

what of a fanatic, an adept in self-denial, a devotee to authoritativeness, and a Roman Stoic transmuted into the terms of Christianity. Tisza could no more resist Tisza now at the extremity of things than he had been able to disown or disguise himself at any moment in his career. The destroying of paper evidence is the mark of strong characters to whom resort to such evidence would—they fear and feel rather than think—bring degradation by meanness, loss of self-esteem by weakness, and be a kind of self-abandonment which their impatience cannot brook. After being patient four years and four months Tisza was impatient now. *Comoedia acta est*. ‘I shall step off the stage all at once.’ And he turned his brow towards the coming murderers that they might fire at it. So he walked out of his life without a stoop. All of us who have Huguenot ancestors know what that means, or meant. ‘My boys, I am not the cause of this war,’ was all his kindly spoken apology. He was a very earnest man.

Stephen Tisza was very tall and lean, stern-featured, glancing searchingly at one through big round spectacles, a fine forehead, with thick brushlike hair, pinched lips, and a rough scissor-trimmed beard. In the ordinary circumstances of life, he dressed indifferently: boots with elastic sides, a much battered tall hat, an old riding-coat of military cut. His general bearing was that of a Hungarian officer on half pay. But, however disdainful of fashion and elegance, he was an accomplished sportsman, an excellent fencer, a keen rider to hounds, who beat the bounds of his estates, and jockeyed his own racehorses.

His moral temperament was not badly betokened by that physical aspect. A strong, plain, regular cast of mind, harbouring feelings few, quite distinct, square-cut and full: neither complex nor subtle. His thoughts were obstinate, planted deep, and would not be rooted up. He was austere. His attachment to the world was so slight that it showed some sacrificial devotion of self. He seemed to draw some kind of mournful comfort from the indifference shown him by the public and from the cold esteem in which he was held throughout his active life. Yet he did not spurn humanity. He made every allowance for the lapses of men when brought

to the proof of political and parliamentary life. He loved friendship, sought out men of character, staunch and stout-hearted, rather than the company of choice spirits, or that of talented but fickle and transient personalities. No pride, no vaingloriousness, but the ingrained notions of a nobleman in whose country-seat the family spirit was being moulded down the centuries by the force of tradition and the exercise of authority.

In short a stalwart man, big and strong in frame of mind and body, commingling the rigidity of the Calvinist, the consciousness of one who is lord over much land inhabited by many men, the feeling of the Hungarian for his own race, with a moral refinement of great beauty in the discharge of his office, as a patron on the land, as a servant in the State, and—perhaps most striking of all in this enumeration of traits which paint to the core the French Huguenot of old—that scrupulousness in weighing collaterals, that want of the sort of vital impulse, so strong in self-seeking men, by which they save their stakes rather than dig their grave in a lost cause.

The Huguenot Tisza had no care for himself. His admiring countrymen heard nothing of his disapproval of the war. That was a secret in Chancery. He prepared no such leakage of the facts as would have saved his life, but perhaps impaired the dignity of his office. The exercise, the force of his leadership during the war, rested on a misunderstanding all the time. His murder was a sensational accident which he might have evaded by flight. He knew at the time that if he only kept alive, the justificatory protocols of the Crown councils would come to light, and that thereby he would gain a fresh lease of political life. In his neglect of this opportunity is involved the cold working of a Huguenot conscience. There were many such Huguenot consciences. Who will give us the key, in psychology, to moral accomplishments of a silent grandeur so disdainful and haughty?

Rather than go to the trouble of picking up the reward due to him and now ripening for his insight to pluck; rather than reap the merit won by his fortitude when following into the war, all unspoken and unshriven, his erring partners; rather than save his unexpended power of service for his

country and co-religionists henceforth in such sore straits, he let himself be overtaken quite carelessly by a few slayers of the flesh.

Was he not the man who had written to his king in July 1914, that, in his opinion, England could be depended upon to attune to peace the other powers in the Entente? Was he not the man who could count on her good will, now that justice had been meted out with her help where and when punishment was due, now that English public opinion could at last become informed of the inward and true spirit of Tisza, and was being called to witness the plight into which the Transylvanian Protestants were being rushed, at Paris, in terms of the secret agreement that brought Roumania (1917) into the war and entitled her to territorial aggrandizement in Hungary?

Yes, he was that man. But he was also the Prime Minister who, with what we know buried away in his heart, had had to endure the acclamations of a crazy multitude when war was proclaimed upon Serbia. What were his thoughts then? He was being credited with counsels, conceptions, purposes which were most foreign to him. There is a weakness in human nature to which Stoics—most Protestants known to history were Stoics—are particularly liable: that is disgust. Then Stoics are known to open an artery and watch the blood gush forth. It seems to us that in the end Tisza committed some such act. He moved among fateful contingencies, and as they came by resigned himself into their hands, without surrender.

On the evening of the day of popular intoxication with the declaration of war, when suffering for the first time in public his disgust for this piece of consistent hypocrisy—henceforth making a pretence of his life, and turning him into a comedian in the part of '*dissimulateur de sa propre vertu par devoir*,' as the French moralists would style him—he was on his way back to the quietness of his country home, and white wild flowers were being showered upon his motor car from the roadside. Never before had Tisza the Huguenot tasted that kind of buoyant popularity. His young wife congratulated him upon these tokens of favour. He looked on gloomily and said: 'The praise of these people blossoms forth when least in

season. The day may dawn when they will exchange those flowers for stones.'

Yet the inner unity of that man's life was not broken. Only his public life was drawn and quartered. While carrying on the war with all his might, his whole purpose was to end it, and spare his people. In 1915 William suggested that he should show the way by handing over Transylvania to Roumania. That was singling out the Hungarian Protestant home as trumps in a hand of cards, and the man who suggested the deal was the same emperor who professed the utmost interest in the International Monument of the Reformation in Geneva and requested therein a place for his ancestor Brandenburg. Then came the death of Francis Joseph and the accession of the young Emperor Charles. Tisza was pushed out of his presence very much in the same way as young William, in his salad days, had dropped old Bismarck. He had been thirty years in office. Thrust out by the imperial arm, Stephen Tisza repaired to his regiment in the Carpathian Alps and assumed command of the Debreczen Hussars. There he lived the life of the privates, eschewed none of the risks of active warfare, and ate the trooper's meal, safe and happy amid his comrades.

At last news arrived of the breach opened in the Bulgarian defences by the French, of the German retreat on the French front, of the Austrian withdrawal from the Piave lines. He was then called back to Budapest on parliamentary business. The Hungarian cause was lost. The finality of the national disaster was becoming every day more evident. So Tisza was wrapped in the tide of indiscriminating hatred that rose from among the people.

The tale is worth telling again, perhaps for the first time in English. His colleagues weathered the storm by flight. He stood his ground. Within his heart of hearts, he heard his civic conscience pleading not guilty. In public he was stone-silent. A spirit less staunch would have talked in self-defence. The unselfish and fastidious man, with a finger across his lips, curbed his tongue. It was not as though he was stunned by the event. He even rose above it in an attempt to hearten the nation when, on October 17, 1918, the ancient

parliament of Hungary, so much like that of Britain, met for the last time before the dismemberment of the kingdom. His parting speech was one that could revive the energy of the nation and prevent its sinking under the burden of humiliation about to be laid on it. 'We have lost the war, an awful war, in which the Hungarian crown was pledged to bear a part. The stranger within our gates experienced no hatred. The wounded enemy suffered no ill at our hands. No one has raised a voice in accusation of our warfare. Whatever may be thought of the cause which we have supported, we have not besmirched our fair Hungarian name.'

But the town was filling with a rabble of disbanded men. A rolling surge of populace beat against every public building. The air was thick with the angry breath of thousands. Revolution ran riot from street to street. In this torrent stood Count Tisza, still an immovable rock. He would not be dragged away by his friends. When the government fled he would not be put to flight. Urged to seek safety and protection amid the tenantry on his estate he may have thought of the flowers changing to stones. He courted his fate and followed his destiny. Meanwhile out of the dregs thrown up by the turbid flood some kind of junta or sham directorate emerged into sight. A figure-head was wanted. It was found in Count Károlyi and was hoisted up by night in the sight of a yelling multitude.

The next morning, which was November 1, 1918, Tisza rose early as was his wont, to do his desk work. The morn was gloomy and wet. Mist smothered the quarter of Budapest where his private house loomed grey, and the little gardens were frost-bound under the mist. He gathered from the newspapers the events of the night. Soon his niece, Countess Almássy, came along. She had made her way through the town on foot. What she had seen and heard left no room for doubt. The life of her uncle was in jeopardy. She begged him to leave the house promptly, to take refuge with some hospitable friends near by, even to seek shelter out of town. To her entreaties his answer was in the form of thanks for well-meant and well-founded advice, but with assurances that he would not risk bringing misfortune into another house, that he had

never gone into hiding for his actions or to save his skin, and that he would meet death as he had lived through those years of trial, silent and upright.

At this point his wife handed him a letter just smuggled in by some acquaintance, warning him that an attempt upon his life was in preparation and that he should take the event into his reckoning. 'My lot is already cast on high,' replied the inveterate Calvinist, and, resting upon his belief in predestination, he returned to his desk and anchored himself there as though this day had been like any other day. There he wrote two letters: one to Count Hadik, president of the Royal Council of Hungary, all about the day's business. Another, in his military capacity, to the General still legally in command at Budapest. He made sure of his revolver being in working order—the revolver which he would not use—straightened some papers quite punctiliously and cast some others into the fire, papers which he might still have an opportunity to produce that very day in self-defence, before the Revolutionary tribunal. 'These documents,' he said, 'are of no use to me: my public record cannot be undone. An unmuzzled mob minds no private defence. These sheets, put in by a public servant, would bring others into trouble,' and into the fire went also the copy he had kept of the letters he had sent to the Emperor in July 1914, which we have afore quoted from. Along with that he burnt the engrossed minutes of the Crown Council in which he had striven, to no purpose, to bring the Foreign Minister Berchtold, and the Commander-in-Chief Conrad, back to their senses, the very men who had unleashed the hounds of war.

His morning work done and after luncheon, his manservant burst into the parlour, shouting that a troop of armed men had broken through the garden gate. Some six of these pushed their way into the house, sweeping the sentries aside. The intruders pointed their rifles at him. A bullet struck his niece, and he himself fell. The manservant picked up his master, and laid him—now a dead man—upon his bed.

Thus came to his end Tisza, unfaltering and grand to the last, such a figure as those great outstanding exemplars of Calvinism: Coligny in France, the Gueux in the Netherlands, and the Puritan Covenanters in Scotland—unshakeable spirits

whom the age could not brook in which they lived, nor could it break them. For trueness to pattern, for soul likeness to spiritual forbears, this Hungarian Huguenot requires that his place should be marked in the lineage, the more because no other opportunity so striking has been offered to the historian of our times as by this unusual career, though many have been as worthy of recognition and as full of Huguenot virtue.

In the long series of Huguenot lives of historical importance, that of Tisza comes latest to illustrate the durability of the type. If ever there was a hard and fast impress made upon human nature, we see it here : a compulsive impress, stamped from within upon the whole outward man. Such a man knows nothing of another world upon which he may disburden himself of some of the severity of this. Liberty and domination, or shall we say freedom by mastery, and, if he cannot get it, martyrdom self-incurred, self-imposed ; that is the Huguenot. His awareness of superiority is great.

The Huguenot is very much himself. There is some fierceness of will, some contumacy, in his conscientiousness, and some longing to dictate in the exercise of his own personal liberty, and in his responsiveness, as against licence, to the call of social duty. When thwarted, he seeks refuge in blank hardihood, like Tisza. Be the end what it may, he is even with it. Drawn to it as to a magnet, when it is reached, he is supercilious still.

‘ For there can hardly be a more heroic and tragical subject than the man who dies, and complains not, for a cause which could have been saved by him, in which he believed, and yet looked on, and took his share of the destruction of it, rather than separate himself from the wrong-doers, and who chose silently to pay the penalty.’

The DISCUSSION was opened by M. E. DE NELKY (Chargé d'affaires, Hungarian Legation), who expressed his cordial appreciation of the friendly feelings for Hungary expressed in this paper and his admiration for the accuracy of the researches which had been embodied by the author. It was only to be regretted that the paper could not have been heard by a larger audience, as the real truth of the position in Hungary during and after the war was not widely

enough realised in England. Mr. G. B. BEEMAN added his congratulations to the author and if he had any criticism to make thought that perhaps the term Huguenot had been used in rather a wider sense than usual, as they were more accustomed in the Society to limit its signification to the Protestants from France. He did not think that it could be said that Calvinism had been discontinued, as that would involve abandonment of broad principles which, as the paper showed, were still a living force. Sir WILLIAM COLLINS paid further tribute to the author's scholarship and eloquence. There were many interesting aspects of Protestant developments in Hungary and he would have liked to have heard more of the rise of Unitarianism in that country. The CHAIRMAN in proposing a vote of thanks to the author of the paper, said that it helped them to realise what large areas of Huguenot history were yet unexplored. [With regard to the use of the word Huguenot in the wider sense, Prof. ROGET writes that French Huguenots were, strictly speaking, called *Parpaillots*, and Huguenot was a wider term, and it is only later that it was restricted by Refugees in application to themselves, as a French word used in Languedoc.]



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